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Memories

ALONG THE WAY FROM EARLY MORN TO EVENING TWILIGHT

ELLA M. HOSTETLER

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It was my intention to gather together some Christmas verses, and short, bright stories, full of spice and life, and use as a folder to take the place of a Christmas card; but one poem changed my thoughts into a more reminiscent nature, and if through the open shutters of my life-story you are able to bring to you in memory your childhood days again, and those whom your heart holds dear, your Christmas will be one of love and joy.

ELLA M. HOSTETLER

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS

Chant me a rhyme of Christmas—
  Sing me a jovial song—
And though it is filled with laughter,
  Let it be pure and strong.

Sing of the hearts brimmed over
  With the story of the day—
Of the echo of childish voices
  That will not die away.

Of the blare of the tasseled bugle,
  And timeless clatter and beat
Of the drum that throbs to muster
  Squadrons of scampering feet.

But, oh, let your voice fall fainter,
  Till blent with a minor tone,
You temper your sun with the beauty
  Of the pity Christ hath shown.

And sing one verse for the voiceless;
  And yet, ere the song be done,
A verse for the ears that hear not,
  And a verse for the sightless one.

For though it be time for singing
  A merry Christmas glee,
Let a low, sweet voice of pathos
  Run through the melody.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

DAWN

The memory of our mother teaching her two little children to sing the hymn on the opposite page and "Little Drops of Water" stands out clearest of all things in the morning of my life. Sometimes with our heads bowed at her knee she sang with us. They were the first things we were taught to sing. My little brother Charley thought it real fun, and I cannot recall any other occasion where his face shown with more perfect happiness.

Later years proved our mother's supreme courage and Christian faith and fortitude, for even then she knew she was suffering from an illness that would be fatal, of which we had no knowledge or understanding. When she, a young mother of thirty-six years, left us a few years later and the sound of her voice was still, that voice stayed with me in this hymn and I pray it always may.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Savior, like a shepherd lead us;
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use thy folds prepare.
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

We are thine do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
See us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus!
Hear young children when they pray.

LINES BY WALT WHITMAN

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still,
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

But this we know, our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet, oh how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say,—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought:
"So death is sweet to us, beloved; though we may tell ye naught.
We may not tell it to the quick—this mystery of death—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known; but I believe that God is overhead,
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

OUR FATHER

How we loved to have him toss us up almost to the ceiling—Charley and me. I remember we each wanted to be first, or to have him carry us both on his shoulders. I remember, too, when he gave me a handful of salt to catch a bird I wanted. I must have been very young—a mere toddler—but round and round I went in my efforts, and the laughter of our father and "uncle" Jim Clark is as fresh today and their faces as plain as a picture seen yesterday.

Then came the cruel war of '61, and our father went away. He waved good-bye as the train rounded the curve beyond the Hillsboro station, and a young mother and two clinging children were left to battle at home.

"The bravest battle that ever was fought was fought by the *mothers* of men."

FROM THE FRONT

The next time we saw our father he was brought home from Louisville, Kentucky, by our mother, who had gone to him with fresh linens and nursed him through typhoid fever and a light form of smallpox, both at the same time. He fell ill at Corinth, Mississippi, in '62, and was sent to Louisville. The best of his life to a great extent had been spent in helping to preserve the Union. He recovered sufficiently, however, to serve faithfully and courageously as deputy provost marshal to April 3, 1865. He had been first lieutenant, First Ohio Volunteer Cavalry.

He had also served as an officer in the American army in the war with Mexico in 1846-47.

Our father had principles which dominated his life; none were stronger than his honesty. As an example of that Charley and I knew where fine berries grew, on a steep hillside on a vacant lot near our home. We helped ourselves without permission to the extent of a dishful for our father's breakfast. After arranging them temptingly, we sat by to take notice, and enjoy his surprise. He soon found where they came from, and as fast as our feet could carry us we were sent to Mrs. Burns (the owner of the vacant lot) with the berries and to acknowledge our wrong doing. Humiliating as it was, we knew

later we had been given a lesson in discipline that would safeguard us in that way all our lives.

So many little faults we find,
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some bye and bye,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways, mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers;
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light.
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

To Aunt Margaret Richards Gregg,
To my mother's cousins,
Frank and Mary Huffman,
Nelson and Nannie Huffman,

and the host of friends in Ohio, West Virginia, Nebraska, and elsewhere who have given me their lasting friendship from childhood to the present time; and to those whose friendship came later and abides with me, I use the words of the poet, Edward A. Guest, in expressing my appreciation and gratitude:

"I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me."

A FRIEND'S GREETING

I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me,
I'd like to be the help that you've been always glad to be,
I'd like to mean as much to you each minute of the day
As you have meant, old friend of mine, to me along the way.

I'd like to do the big things and the splendid things for you,
To brush the grey from out your skies and leave them only blue;
I'd like to say the kind things that I so oft have heard,
And feel that I could rouse your soul the way that mine you've stirred.

I'd like to give you back the joy that you have given me,
Yet that were wishing you a need I hope will never be;
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I, who travel on
Undaunted in the darkest hours with you to lean upon.

I'm wishing at this Christmas time that I could but repay
A portion of the gladness that you've strewn along my way.
And could I have one wish this year, this wish would only be:
I'd like to be the sort of friend that you have been to me.

OUT TO GRANDPA'S HOME

Did you have a grandpa's home in the country to visit when you were a child? If you did not you have missed something delightful in your life, especially if it were such a home as that of our Grandpa Richards. He lived two miles south of H—— on the Belfast pike. When we first knew that road it was not macadamized and the yellow clay made bad travel in the winter time, the older people said.

Sometimes in pleasant summer weather our mother would take us children and walk to grandpa's. She usually carried a lunch for us, and we chose a certain log about half way out to rest on and eat the lunch. When we came in sight of the log we were never so tired that we could not run to see who would get there first. (Years after my mother and brother left me, I watched that log as it grew less and less in size, until only a dark spot on the ground showed where it had been. Today there is not a trace of it, we do not know the exact spot where it was, yet I never forget the dear ones as I pass that way.) Often we went along the "old creek road" close to Rocky Fork, with its flat, stone bottom, and we would run out on the stones, or wade in the water, which was as clear as crystal. Then we went through the sugar camp where they gathered the sap from the beautiful sugar-maple trees very early in the spring and would boil it down until it became sugar. From the creek to the house was a rocky climb, but the house with the dear ones was our goal. The first thing we always did

was to run to grandma's bread jar, and with the sweet smile that I still see, she saw we were satisfied. Then out we ran, down a long hillside that had a very narrow path, past the spring house at the foot of the hill, and up another hill to the most wonderful grapevine swings, intended surely for the numerous grandchildren who gathered there. What glorious times we had.

When we grew tired of that we ran scampering over the hills where grew the butternuts, and walnuts, and hickory-nuts. And over the fence in the new orchard were fine apples of many varieties. Those we remember best were the Pound Pippin. All over those hills in the woods grew to as great perfection as any we have seen cultivated, the wild Sweet William, with its large clusters of pink blossoms. A tiny stream we called a "branch" of water wound its way at the base of the hills, and under some fine, large trees watered by this branch we found the purple, and the white, and the yellow wood violets in great numbers. It is the only place where I ever found them together in all those colors.

There was a garden not far from the house, fenced in with very high boards, too high for children or chickens to molest. So many good things came from it, yet we do not ever remember seeing anyone at work in it. Once in a great while we were permitted to walk decorously through it with grandma. On the other side of the house near the "old house" was the peach orchard, and all we had to do was to step over the fence and help ourselves. It is too bad that that vareity of peach has become extinct. It must be, for we have never since tasted any with that flavor. There was a melon patch somewhere; we were told not to hunt for it, and while we felt pretty sure we located the spot from the top of

the rail fence, we kept the rule. I can see grandpa now coming up the path, his eyes twinkling and his face laughing all over as he hugged a large melon in his arms. It was then we pulled our chairs up to the table on the porch while grandpa cut the melon and passed it around. The Rocky Ford melons don't compare to those either in color or sweetness. All these things were part of our paradise. Our older half-brother, Will, had lived at grandpa's since his mother died when he was two years of age; his mother was Grandpa Richards' daughter. He was too old to play with us.

Grandpa's house seemed large and roomy then. There never was any apparent trouble in caring for us and all the Locust Grove relatives at the same time; and from down in the country south of us away from the railroad where the hills are much higher, and the people had to come to H—— to buy their merchandise. It was a well-known fact that after their day's business in town was done, many made it a rule to get to grandpa's about sundown, engage grandpa in conversation, tell him they knew his son, the doctor, down their way. Whereupon grandpa would usually invite them to stop over night, caring for the family and the team and sending them on happy and rejoicing in the morning. Grandpa was a justice of the peace for a great many years.

When Charley was seven and I nine, our mother could no longer walk with us, and Aunt Margaret had given up her school months before to be our mother's companion, and our school friends showed a tender interest in us that we have not forgotten. Then came a day when Aunt Margaret drew us motherless children to her and told us we were to go to grandpa's with her to make it our home for a time at least.

Oh, Heavenly Father, look with tender mercy and helpfulness upon every motherless child! The kindest human attention cannot eradicate the hopeless despair in the hearts of such children. No one understands them, and they do not understand themselves. It takes so long to become adjusted to new conditions and their loss.

There was always a cheery welcome at grandpa's home. I cannot recall an unkind or sharp word uttered there. They were gentle in speech and manner; there was always plenty; and beauty, and culture, and refinement, and a spiritual atmosphere about it all. The house stood back from the pike, and after grandma had been called to her heavenly home, and grandpa grew older, he would draw his rocking-chair to the open door, where he would sit and sing softly.

Again I say, blessed memory.

BACK TO OUR FATHER'S HOME

When we went again to our father's home his niece, our Cousin Mary, was the housekeeper. Later a new mother came to us, so sweet, so gentle, and kind, and as long as my delicate brother Charley lived, she loved and cared for his as tenderly as she could for her own; and as long as she lived we were good and true friends.

I shall always hold dear the memory of her in that home, yet it never seemed home to me again after we went to grandpa's to live. Three babies came into our new mother's home while I remained there, a boy and two girls, and six afterwards. These half-brothers and sisters and their families are dear to me.

THE GRAPEVINE SWING

When I was a boy on the old plantation,
Down by the deep bayou,
The fairest spot in all creation,
Under the arching blue.
When the wind came over the cotton and corn,
To the long, slim loop I'd spring,
With brown feet bare and hat-brim torn,
And swing in the grapevine swing.

CHORUS

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing.
Oh, to be a boy with a heart full of joy,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

Out o'er the water lilies bonnie and bright,
Back to the moss-grown trees,
I laughed and shouted with a heart as light
As a wild rose tossed by the breeze.
A mocking-bird joined in my reckless glee,
I longed for no angel's wings;
I was just as near heaven as I wanted to be,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

I'm weary at morn, I'm weary at night,
I'm fretted and sore at heart,
And time is strewing my locks with grey,
As I wend through the fevered mart.
I'm tired of the world, with its pride and pomp,
And fame seems a worthless thing;
I'd barter it all for one day's romp
And a swing in the grapevine swing.

CHORUS

Swinging in the grapevine swing,
Laughing where the wild birds sing.
I would I were away from the world today,
Swinging in the grapevine swing.

SERMONS IN FLOWERS

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.—Solomon ii, 12.

The common kind of flowers! Lord, you made a lot
o' them!
The daisy in the medder is as clean as any gem;
The wild rose in the thicket is the ripest kind o' red—
It's purty, and it's happy, look at how it holds its head.

Them little dutchman's breeches is a favorite o' mine;
I like to stumble on 'em with my eyes an' catch their
shine.
An' then the johnny-jump-ups, noddin' soft when I go by,
An' as blue an' glad an' helpful as the ca'm midsummer
sky.

The blazin' dogwood blossoms! How they flash along
the road—
Come a-bloomin' in a minute, till a feller thinks it's
snowed!
Lord, the haw-tree holds a sermon that is sent direct
from you;
An' the bendin' cherry branches, an' the elder-bushes,
too.

There's the perky dandelion bobbin' up so fresh an' bold,
Till the whole endurin' hillside has its polkydots of gold;
An' the blossomin' May apple hidin' underneath the trees,
Sends a tinglin' sort o' flower till it coaxes out the bees.

The common kind o' flowers! Lord, I guess they like to grow
An' to fill the air with gladness just because you love them so.
Lord, I try to understand them an' my heart beats in accord,
When I bend to whisper to 'em, "For this blessing, thank the Lord."

—*W. D. Nesbit.*

THE INEVITABLE

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God—that somehow, true and just
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp—better with love a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man; but does his best,
Nor ever murmurs at his humbler lot;
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler. He alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate.

—*Sarah Knowles Bolton.*

De Lawd mek black en de Lawd mek white,
He mek de day en He mek de night;
He mek de wrong en He mek de right—
I reckon He knowed.
I reckon He knowed, chile,
Des whut He do.
He mek de teahs, but all de while
He plannin' de laugh en He plannin' de smile—
I reckon He knowed, chile,
Des whut He do!

De Lawd mek joy en de Lawd mek woe;
He mek de trials dat fret yo' so,
En He mek de road dat yo' gotter go—
I reckon He knowed.
I reckon He knowed, chile.
Des whut He do!
He mek de stones dat hu't yo' feet,
But He coaxin' de roses, red en sweet—
I reckon He knowed, chile,
Des whut He do!

De Lawd mek dahk, but He mek de mo'n,
He mek de rose en He mek de tho'n;
He mek us all—des sho's yo' bo'n—
I reckon He knowed.
I reckon He knowed, chile.
Des whut He do!
He know whut bes' fo' yo' en me,
En I reckon He see whut we cain't see—
Des whut He do!

THE FIRST JOURNEY

With the exception of a visit to my mother's foster-mother—Aunt Rebecca Robe at Winchester, Ohio—I made my first journey in the spring of '71. Our mother's cousins had invited me to spend a school vacation with them in West Virginia. It was through the intercession of my father's brother, Uncle George, and my step-mother's father, Grandpa Bennett—one of nature's noblemen—that my father finally permitted me to accept the invitation. Cousin Nelson met me at Parkersburg, and took me to his home at Morgantown. At the close of the vacation I was to return to H—, but kind Providence brought Cousin Frank and Mary to my rescue. They took me to their home in the Alleghany mountains, and it was my home for several years. I am as confident as I am of anything in this world that it was part of a divine plan and in answer to my mother's prayers, for they helped me to help myself, or find myself in the work for which I was fitted.

I became a teacher, teaching in the winter, attending school in the summer. I was one of a large family there, and I felt at home. I shall always have a deep sense of gratitude to those dear ones who had faith in me, and the wisdom to guide me in the right path. I was with them almost seven years, but went back to Charley for several months, the year he went home to our mother.

One of my dearest treasures is the American flag in white marble which he chiseled before he was fifteen years of age.

Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfill,
Not as I will.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

Oh, the West Virginia hills,
How majestic and how grand,
With their summits bathed in glory,
Like our Prince Immanuel's land.
Is it any wonder, then,
That my heart with rapture thrills
As I stand once more with loved ones
On those West Virginia hills?

Oh, the West Virginia hills,
Where my childhood hours were passed,
Where I often wandered lonely,
And the future tried to cast.
Many are our visions bright,
Which the future ne'er fulfills,
But how sunny were my day-dreams
On those West Virginia hills.

Oh, the West Virginia hills,
How unchanged they seem to stand,
With their summits pointed skyward,
To the great Almighty's land.
Many changes I can see,
Which my heart with sadness fills,
But no changes can be noticed
In those West Virginia hills.

Oh, ye West Virginia hills,
I must bid you now adieu,
In my home beyond the mountains
I shall ever dream of you.
In the evening time of life,
If my Father only wills,
I shall still behold the vision
Of those West Virginia hills.

I found a great many changes in coming to Nebraska. First, I found very soon I was alone practically with my own judgment to rely on and my own efforts to make good from, for the first time in my life. At the call of a half-brother I had come to Nebraska for better opportunities in school-teaching, leaving West Virginia, with its beauty, its freedom, and charming hospitality "back east." This was the west, and at that time ('78), an undeveloped west.

The station at which I alighted was at the edge of the sand-hills (now those hills are farm lands). There were no sidewalks of any description in the village, the station was a long distance out, and the sand was almost shoe top deep. My half-brother failed to meet the train, but the mail carrier's son (Johnny Phillipar) gave his new teacher a friendly welcome. There was not one thing in that village that I could see then, or since, that was inviting or interesting, except a good schoolhouse and some people. It had been a village of considerable size at one time, but was fast declining. It had gone the pace that kills, and was killed when the county seat had been removed by election that spring to the center of the county, and the railroad had found another terminus. It was interesting to look out of the window in the morning and see houses that had seemed fixtures the evening before traveling across the prairie on wheels; some went one direction, some another, all to the more promising towns round about. Even the brick courthouse was taken down and removed to the new county seat, which had at that time but one house, and that a farmhouse. Now it is a splendid town of more than 1,500 population, and has fine schools and churches.

The village people had withheld the county records

until some provision had been made for their safe housing. The people of the new county seat, and all around about it, decided they would take them by force, if need be, and poured into the village in great numbers—a mob of people—though there was no disturbance to speak of. They secured satisfaction, and went quietly to their homes. My temperature assumed a normal condition as I saw them wend their way across the sandhills, and the school work of the day proceeded as usual.

I took many long walks alone on the prairie. It was early summer when I arrived, and away from the sandhills and north of the village, the prairie was like a waving sea of grass, more than knee high; the wind swept it this way and that. It was fascinating to watch it and be out in it. As far as the eyes could reach nothing but prairie and sky, only a few trees and houses here and there. There were new and pretty flowers, and sometimes I would stand still and listen to the sweetest bird notes I ever heard—the song of the meadow-lark; and to this day I know nothing so cheery or that inspires greater happiness. I found some fine people in the village whose friendship for me will endure all through the rest of my journey. First, he who later became my husband, and who was also a newcomer there; Mrs. Frances C. Stein, whose husband was the county treasurer; Mrs. I. D. Evans, and Lillie; the Phillipar family (Mr. Phillipar was director of the school board), the family of Mr. David Blackburn, Mrs. Heatherington, and the family of the county superintendent of schools, Mr. J. H. Sears. Twice Mr. Sears and I were applicants for the same school. He was a college man from Massachusetts, and as fine a man as one would meet anywhere. He had taught the village school for some time, but there was some objection to his holding the two positions. He passed on years ago, yet my memory often dwells on his Christian example and noble life. He was from our first

acquaintance my friend, and after I had secured the school I would often find him at the door on Friday afternoon when school was dismissed to take me to their home to stay over Sunday. Their home was on a homestead two miles out, but it was bright and cheery; there was a beautiful home life, good taste, flowers, and books. Indeed, I never knew a home where the companionship of good books seemed to mean more to the owners.

Mrs. Stein is artist, musician, and poetess, but best of all she is a friend. Her paintings were an inspiration to me, and if I have since achieved anything worth while in that way, she should have due credit. She lives in Illinois now, and delights me occasionally with her poetry; this at one time:

For you I have a great big wish
In form, a great big cut-glass dish,
But as my purse will not permit
(Since purse and heart are a misfit)
You have the wish in place of it.
You may go to the stores and buy what you wish
In Haviland ware or a cut-glass dish,
But search the stores from end to end
You never can find the heart of a friend,
But you'll find the heart in the trinket I send.
There is kindly thought with love interwoven,
Into every stitch of this very small token,
And it spells out a word in language unspoken,
Afriendshipunbroken.

Such help as we can give each other in this world is a debt to each other; and the man who perceives a superiority or a capacity in a subordinate, and neither confesses nor assists it, is not merely a withholder of kindness, but a committer of injury.—*Ruskin.*

ACROSS THE CHANNELS OF THE PLATTE

The numerous channels of the Platte river were crossed and a new county entered for still better opportunities in school work. I had taught one year in the "village" and one on the military reservation near by, and now I had come to another village—a very small and scattering one—and it was destined to become my home from that day to this.

Somehow the sunshine seemed more radiantly bright and cheery on this side of the channels; it may have been due partly to reflected light from the yellow sunflowers which grew in great thickets about here; tall, strong, and stately they stood for years, then completely disappeared.

Mr. John Mallilieu was the county superintendent of schools at the time I came here, and until his death a few days ago he was our esteemed friend.

At the close of that summer term of school ('80) our marriage occurred.

The next spring as we were starting for church one Sunday morning, the director of the school board called and offered me the summer school, stating he was doing so by the unanimous consent of the school board, school to begin the next day. My certificate had expired. He replied it had been arranged to send one of the board to the county seat to have it renewed that day if I accepted. I did so, and the following morning found me again in the schoolroom. It was the last term when all the village school children were crowded in one room.

I look down the aisles and into the faces of those pupils today (in memory) and how near they seem!

One boy's eyes always showed, more than any I knew, a desire for more and more knowledge; he applied himself energetically and faithfully to his tasks. His work with that of his older sister, was as near perfect as any I ever saw. The younger sister, happy and full of play, cared more for the dolls and apples she thought she secreted in her desk than for study, but I never found her wholly unprepared. All these are gone long ago, and many more. The boy became a fine man and at the time of his death was holding a position of trust and responsibility with a railroad company in Cheyenne, Wyoming.

I knew those pupils well, their ambitions, and their habits. I have tried to follow those who have taken up their life-work in this and other states. A history could be written of them.

At the expiration of the first month of that school, Mr. Charles Lamberson, the treasurer of the school board, surprised me by presenting me with a warrant for the salary of the entire term. His confidence was rewarded by faithful and well-rendered duty.

On the last afternoon of that school I found on my desk a tall glass cake-stand (much used in those days). It was piled high with fruits and candies in which candy hearts predominated, a wreath around it all, and a note signed by the pupils, asking me to teach their school again. The loving thought in the hearts of those children is the most precious thing I could wish to cherish from them. Many are not living, many are scattered far and wide. One is head physician in the Battle Creek sanitarium and comes to see me whenever he returns here.

While the village on the south of the channels was

losing its life, the one in the valleys of the Platte and Wood was taking on new life; not rapidly but surely, and every house, and church, and school gave inspiration for still greater things. There was at that time a good community spirit, and this could have been called a friendship village.

As the village and community expanded and business duties became more arduous, the community spirit grew less—small circles have taken its place as it is in our cities, which recalls to mind the prayer of the good old deacon who prayed, "Oh Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, us four, and no more. Amen."

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

Learn to rely on your own judgment. Stand on your own feet; it is usually as safe, and often more consistent than that offered you free.

The blunt, outspoken man or woman who prides himself on giving his "honest opinion anyway," is too rude to be honest, if it makes another unhappy.

The goodness and greatness of this world is to be found quite as often among the humble folks as among those who travel in airships.

The best educated, cultured, and refined people are slow to criticise others.

When your friends do not let you know they are pleased with your successes as well as sad in your sorrows, it proves there is something wrong with the hearts of your friends and not with your heart.

WHAT IS GOOD

What is the real good?
I asked in musing mood.
"Order" said the law court;
"Knowledge" said the school;
"Truth" said the wise man;
"Pleasure" said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty" said the page;
"Freedom" said the dreamer;
"Home" said the sage;
"Fame" said the soldier;
"Equity" the sear.
Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."
Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

THE CALL OF THE WEST

" The haze on the far horizon,
The tint of an auburn sky,
The infinite ocean of wheat fields
With the wild geese flying high.
The hum of the busy binder,
The laugh, the song, the jest,
All of earth's wild freedom—
This is the call of the west.

The crisp, frost air of the winter,
The sun in a tropic sky,
The snow-shoe tramp up the river,
The curler's call "Tee Hi."
The northern lights in the heavens,
The healthiest land and the best,
The nearest to life that is nowhere
Except in the land of the west.

'Tis a land of hope and promise,
Where a man is known by his worth,
To the Russ, Icelander, or Saxon,
No matter the land of his birth.
To each and to all there's a welcome
In this land of liberty blessed,
Oppression and tyranny elsewhere,
But not in the land of the west.

'Tis a land that is free from tradition,
Where a man meets a friend as a man,
Where people are up and are doing—
They can, for they know they can!
'Tis a land that is fast becoming
The home of the wanderers' quest,
Where the patriot sings with devotion:
My country, the land of the west.

And far, far away o'er the ocean,
A sister, a sweetheart, a wife,
Is longing and waiting and wishing
To obtain a renewal of life
In this land where for all there is plenty,
That they may enjoy with the rest,
The fulfillment of hope and of promise—
This is the call of the west.

JOSEPH LOCKHART BOARDMAN

From early childhood the family of Mr. Boardman have been our friends. He became publisher and editor of the Highland News about 1852, and continued it until he was stricken blind thirty-three years later. Mr. Boardman had learned the printing business from the father of William Dean Howells, and was a fellow-workman with the son. After his blindness they moved from Hillsboro to Columbus, Ohio, and at the age of sixty he learned to use the typewriter well, carrying on his correspondence in this way, and in writing many poems for his friends. He bore himself like some distinguished general. He was a man of broad information and almost to the time of his death was much consulted. In addition to his blindness he was deaf for fourteen years.

One of his finest characteristics and worthy of emulation was that he met sorrow and disaster nobly. He believed "In ourselves are victory and defeat." He was a Christian man, as one may see by reading his lines which follow:

THE PEACE OF GOD

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

In perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God,
Dear fellow traveler through this earthly life,
Who has been called to bear its pain and strife,
Thou, who in sorrow's paths hast bravely trod,
And patiently endured the chastening rod,
May God bestow on thee that peace of mind
That I have known in my old age, and blind.

O precious boon of calm content and rest,
If our Heavenly Father's will resigned,
Who loves us all, and knoweth what is best.
Dear Father, help us all to trust in Thee,
Thy will be done, whate'er Thy will may be,
And keep us in Thy watchful care and love,
Till Thou shalt call us to Thy home above.

One of the last letters he wrote before the fall which caused his death at 87 years was written to me, but was not mailed until after his death; in it he gave many facts of Ohio history.

One of the most valued tokens received on our silver wedding day is the following:

To Mr. and Mrs. Hostetler, Shelton, Neb., on their silver wedding day, Sept. 21, 1905:

Dear Ella, I first knew you when a child,
With grief for your dear mother almost wild,
For you had lost your dearest friend on earth,
So loved by all who knew her modest worth.
Now in my old age spared beyond fourscore,
On this, your silver wedding day, once more
To you and your good husband, dear old friends,
This little token of my love I send.
As you today your marriage vows renew,
May God's rich blessings rest on both of you;
May it, dear friends, your happy fortune be
With joy your golden wedding day to see,
And when this fleeting earthly life is o'er
May we all meet where friends shall part no more.

So, my dear Ella, earnestly prays the friend of your childhood,

Joseph Lockhart Boardman.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the grey Azores,
  Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone;
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
  "Why say, 'Sail on and on!'"

"My men grow mut'nous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly, wan, and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day:
  'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanch'd mate said:
"Why, now, not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, and say—"
  He said: "Sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed, then spake his mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral say but one word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And thro' the darkness peered that night.
Ah, darkest night! and then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a star-lit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's bust of dawn;
He gained a world! he gave that world
Its watchword: "On! and on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

This poem has strengthened my courage many times, and when I might have hesitated I go on and on.

SUNSETS

A California friend who visited us recently stood at the large west window in our sitting-room and exclaimed at the beautiful Nebraska sunset. We have had the privilege of seeing it for many years from the same point of view, but had not realized so fully before what a great privilege it is. After the sun has disappeared the soft glow lingers on in the twilight. We have seen the sun set on the Atlantic and on the Pacific oceans, where it touches the crest of the billows and colors them in rose, silver, yellow, and grey. We have watched it on Salt Lake, where it seemed nearer to us than anywhere on account of its intense colors, and the changes they make as the sun sinks lower and lower. You do not want to be interrupted, and as it passes from sight it tints mountain, sky, water, and tree-tops with those same colors.

We saw it another time at Culpeper, Virginia, like a great ball of fire above the Blue Ridge mountains; as it dropped closer it sent its rays along the tops of the Blue Ridge far and wide.

In Berne, Switzerland, we climbed to the roof of our hotel to see the "Alpine Glow" after the sun had set behind the Alps. We were told that it was not always to be seen, and this was one of the days that it left no reflection.

THE WEST

What know ye, who dwell at our easternmost verge,
Where on the Atlantic some pygmy states merge,
Of lands lying westward, a limitless stretch
Where jagged horizons the mountain peaks etch
In purple and silver—what know you, I say,
Who live on the edge of the dawning of day.
Of westerly countries unpillaged of pelf—
Know you that the West is a world in itself?

"West"—what does it mean when you think of the word?
With mirth unprovoked you have probably heard
The country that lies on this side of the stream
That good old De Soto discerned in a dream.
You've heard speak of the land that lies there
As "West"—Oh, you ignorant one, have a care;
Were East blotted out it could live on alone—
This West with a sea, earth, and sky all its own.

Somewhere in the unending reaches that lie
Beyond where the Father of Waters glides by,
The West has beginning (of end there is none)
And onward it sweeps with the sweep of the sun.
Its valleys unmeasured, its mountains unnamed,
Its rivers unfettered, its forests untamed,
Its deserts untrod save by pixy or elf—
The West is a whole wondrous world in itself.

Sometimes when the gods have been good to you, take
Some coin from your horde and a pilgrimage make
Out into the land that your fancy has drawn.
Ride day after day—aye, and night after night
Where unexplored wonder-worlds surfeit the sight—
Then hide your old notions 'way back on the shelf
And own that the West is a world in itself.

WHEN OUR BOAT PUT OUT TO SEA

We spent the day in old and new Quebec, seeing its places of interest, riding on its street cars, climbing to the heights, looking down on the great St. Lawrence river, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon—June 17, 1910—we stood on the deck of the magnificent boat, the "Empress of Ireland," where we had taken first-class passage, and as it slowly left the pier the hundreds of people assembled there to see us off, waved frantically to those on board. We watched with keen interest, and responded to the waving though there was not a familiar face among them all. No one on deck seemed sad, no one seemed happy, all seemed thoughtful.

There were arms, baskets, and boxes full of beautiful flowers for many of the passengers.

We watched on deck until the twilight deepened and there was nothing more to see except the broad water. We had put off a letter for home at the last mailing place—Rimouski—and then we went to our stateroom. Mrs. Lees, the wife of the conductor of our party, followed us and placed in our arms an immense bunch of the most beautiful white roses we ever saw, tied with white ribbon and the card bore the name of our own home W. C. T. U. to us. Mrs. Lees had been commissioned to get them. Here was a personal touch with home that was strong and sincere; it added to our happiness through all the journey into nine countries. It helped us to more fully appreciate the great paintings we saw in those countries, it went with us in the palaces, and it stays with us today as a beautiful act of kindness.

A large bundle of letters from numerous friends had been given us to be read at certain times and places; they were all enjoyed, but the reader knew that other things would require attention "on the other side," so most of them were read in crossing. There were various packages with notes of loving remembrance, and a morocco-covered notebook bearing the inscription, "My Trip Abroad." In the latter the items of great interest to us were the sighting of three icebergs south of Labrador, the sounding of the foghorn for the first two or three days, keeping in touch with the things of the world, even to the stock markets, through the Marconigrams which were published on board in the Empress Daily News, and distributed gratis at breakfast each morning, taking the "log" each day, and marking on our map our exact route. We reached the most northern point June 22, latitude 57°, longitude 23°. Walking eight times around the boat to make a mile, sitting wrapped in a rug on a steamer chair watching others do the same, laughing, always laughing as they went hurrying by, jostling anyone going in the opposite direction; sitting by an open fire in the most palatial music room we were ever in, and listening to the concerts given there. Reading in the library, attending services on Sunday morning (we had sailed on Friday). Watching a woman and two little children—a boy and girl of perhaps six and eight, with their books—a lot of them. They could scarcely wait to hear the books read, as eager listeners as we have ever seen. They cared not it seemed for the schools of porpoises which others crowded the railing to see, or anything on board but their books. We had games on deck that caused as much hilarity as you will find anywhere on terra firma. Great preparations were made for a con-

cert which was given the last evening on board, for the benefit of a sailors' home. All stewards were courteous and helpful. Splendid meals, and twice each day hot chicken broth with rice was brought to us on deck, we could have food at any time for the asking; and the tea rooms were open and free at all times.

On the sixth day the sky was less grey in the morning and by four in the afternoon the sun was shining as we came in sight of Ireland from the north, and a mountain-like island—Inishtrahull. North of it were great buildings with fences, all painted white, and the greens of "Old Ireland" made a beautiful background for it. Our speed was less as we drew nearer land. We saw Castle Rock and the Giant's Causeway very plainly, and as we slowly sailed down the North Channel we were almost in speaking distance, it seemed, with the people of Ireland, whom we could see very plainly. It grew dark before we entered the Irish sea, and the next morning we were at anchor at Liverpool. We had breakfast on board, then all bags and baggage were sent to the custom-house and the passengers hurried off in their best attire. We turned on the bridge and looked the boat over, and in our hearts was a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to the beautiful boat that had carried us safely through the deep waters. Our first day out we had made 54 miles, sailing late in the day; the next 436 miles, the next 405 miles, the next 416 miles, the next 416 miles, and the last 435 miles.

For many kind attentions in Europe we are indebted to the three Fry sisters of Omaha—Annie, Alice, and Bessie; Dr. and Mrs. Lees, Prof. Wm. F. Dann, Mr. A. W. Beckman, Miss Kate Field, Mrs. W. D. Fitzgerald, Mr. E. E. Walton, and all others of Lincoln; Mr. A. C.

Loomis, of Omaha, Miss Ida Taylor of Exeter, Miss Lillian Wilson of Chicago, Miss Laura Murray of North Platte, Miss Mame Hughes of Denver, Rev. T. J. Bolger of Chicago, and to Lawrence and Jeannette Finney of Lincoln. The last two played a huge joke on most of us in showing us L-a-n-d on the homeward journey.

We made the journey from Quebec to Liverpool in six days and fourteen hours.

TWILIGHT

As we sit in the evening twilight our thoughts turn to the events that made the history of the town in which we live, and we know that each person who ever lived here and did as much as plant a tree is a part of its history

Joaquin Miller, "the poet of the Sierras," took comparatively little pride in the fact that he wrote poems, but his great happiness came from the trees and flowers he had planted with his own hands, and watched grow.

When we came there were very few trees either in the village or country; now the visitor usually speaks of our trees and well-shaded streets.

We see all about us the great strides progress is making in the town, country, and state, and we see, too, the restless energy that is helping it along.

From a village of perhaps less than two hundred when we first knew it, we now have a population of over one thousand. In the easy-going conditions of the early days when people waited for they knew not what, hurry was not in evidence; the steps were slower, and more restful, and there seemed plenty of time to be social and pleasant with everyone; it is all hurry and bustle now, though the funerals, especially of the older residents, are well attended; and in any charitable need the people are generally liberal.

We emerged from the one-room school building to one larger, then to a larger one still, until our boys and girls are housed now in a new $40,000 building.

We have good churches—six of them—there should be but two or three.

We have many miles of cement sidewalk.

We have a splendid $9,000 district library, which is a boon to the community. In many of the country homes as well as those of the town are found all modern conveniences necessary in this age of the world to health and happiness, with waterworks, and electric lights.

Our farming land is no longer sold for a song, but has increased in value to such an extent that the moderately "well to do" must seek it elsewhere.

In the good old days the one-horse shay was considered a luxury; there is no room for them on our streets now, for the automobiles are parked in almost every available place. They cause part of the restless energy in several ways, sometimes by the placing of a mortgage that is difficult to lift.

Back in '87 a Chautauqua reading course of four years' work was organized with some of the brightest minds we have ever had in the town. After two years' time, one after the other had moved away, become discouraged, or dropped out until we alone were left. We continued and finished it in the next two years, also doing extra reading that gave us five seals on our diploma. In addition to that we received a grade of 100 per cent on the regular reading for the year '91. We consider that one of our greatest achievements. Before and after and during that time we were studying and teaching art, being so engaged for nearly twenty years; three of our paintings were exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in '93.

Then came the woman's study club, and we have kept step in the town, the district, the state, and the nation. Its work in this town has been valuable, for it has been

a potent factor in two or three enterprises for the benefit of the town.

The compilation of a family history which was published last spring was the work of several years, and with that, the most absorbing interest we have had for two years has been in the temperance cause, and in doing what we could to help get a dry Nebraska; and now that we are to have it next May our twilight is most peaceful and happy; for we know that little children, wives, husbands, fathers, and sons will come into their rightful inheritance, and have *their chance in life* in Nebraska.

LET HIM KNOW IT

" When a fellow pleases you
Let him know it;
It's a simple thing to do—
Let him know it;
Can't you give the scheme a trial?
It is sure to bring a smile,
And it makes it worth the while—
Let him know it.

You are pleased when anyone
Lets you know it.
When the man who thinks "well done."
Lets you know it.
For it gives you added zest
To bring out your very best—
Just because some mortal blest
Lets you know it.

When a fellow pleases you
Let him know it;
Why, it isn't much to do—
Let him know it;
It will help him in the fray,
And he'll think his efforts pay;
If you like his work or way
Let him know it. "

TO MY HUSBAND

In our life together for thirty-six years you have always inspired me with confidence in myself, and in my ability to accomplish things.

You have made possible the splendid trips I have had, and you made most of the plans for them, as you did in arranging the European trip, and my visit to all the great art galleries and great libraries in the United States.

This book would be incomplete without the expressed assurance of my deep gratitude to you.

NEARING THE LAST GATE

Oh, don't be sorrowful, darling!
And don't be sorrowful, pray!
Taking the year together, my dear
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads they are growing grey;
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago;
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

For God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as day;
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Aye, God of the night, my darling—
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

—*Alice Cary.*

OUT OF THE SILENCE

An what can you say when the day is done
And you've gone to your bed to rest?
When the shadows come and the light has gone
O'er the rim of the golden west.
And a silvery beam of the moon creeps in
As if in an aimless quest?
What do you say
When a kindly voice that you seem to know
Out of the shadows speaks soft and low,
"Well, what did you do today?"

Oh, what can you say when you're all alone
With the Master of all the tasks?
How much of a sin do have to own
When the voice of the Master asks—
How many things have you left undone
Your studied answer makes?
What do you say
When out of the shades of the silent night
The Master speaks with the Master's right:
"Well, what did you do today?"

Thrice blest is he of the humble way
Who sinks in his bed of rest—
The rest he earned with a toiling day
With love of his labor blest—
Who hears the voice of his Master ask,
And truthfully say, "My best."
The man who can say
"I've trod the way of my best intend,
I've helped a friend and I've made a friend,"
To "What did you do today?"

—John D. Wells.

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